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AS MATERIAL FOR  
PACIFIC STATES HISTORY.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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It has been deemed advisable, for several reasons, to deviate from strict numerical order in the publication of the several volumes of this History, and pursue a more chronological course. Thus, instead of continuing the annals of Central America, as presented in the second volume of the series, the fourth volume of the series is next issued, which is the first volume of the history of Mexico. The three succeeding volumes will bring the histories of Mexico and Central America, side by side, down to about 1800. These will be followed by several volumes on regions toward the north, for approximately the same period; for example, the earlier volumes on the North Mexican States, California, the Northwest Coast, and Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska, may be issued at any time.

This plan of publication has been adopted, not without careful deliberation. The reasons for such a plan are these: First, the territorial peculiarities of the subject seem to demand it. There is a natural order in which to present events, an order alike best for the author and for the student. So presented, the work, as a whole, constitutes a more continuous and unbroken story, and therefore better holds the attention of the reader. Again, this method gives to the people of the several sections, parts of their own history at much earlier dates than would be possible otherwise. Were the *History of the Pacific States*, in its several parts, issued strictly as one work, the volumes would be numbered in about the order of their proposed publication; but in that case they would not be so numbered that when completed the volumes of Central America, or of Mexico, or of California, etc., would stand together each as a complete history and form a set. This was regarded as most of all desirable; and in no other way could the proposed ends both be attained. We sincerely hope this plan will commend itself to the judgment of our patrons.



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[From *The Argonaut.*]

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The visitor coming west, at the threshold of the plains, strikes the trail of the most brilliant of modern histories. The daring of Columbus, setting across the Sea of Darkness to discover the new Atlantic; the conquests of Cortés, who added a new empire to the pride of Spain, and poured the wealth of millions of castellanos into her coffers; the enthusiasm of Ponce de Leon and the venturous Coronado, alike belong to an era which reads not dim nor ordinary beside the glories of Tamerlane and Alexander. The history of the Spanish possession is one which blends fortune-hunting with romance, the gallantry of adventure with religious fanaticism, and mingles soldiers and priests, nobles and swashbucklers, generals and prelates in its heroic drama, all afire with the subjugation of a new world. Balboa, Cortés, De Soto, Coronado, Torquemada, Zumárraga, and the Catholic priesthood who hid the flame of conquest under the serge of the church—figures equally commanding whether in plumed mail or the black robe—appear in wanderings through unknown forests, which parted on the banks of mighty floods or led to the steps of awe-inspiring temples and imperial cities, and across trackless deserts, which yawned at their feet in impassable canoës, or rose in majestic steps to snow-crowned mountains and heights of fire. Three hundred years of conquest leave their crumbling walls and deserted mines and missions to the possession of a new race.

It is time, then, that history should be written, before their traces are obliterated, before the ink of royal letters and records has faded, or the ancient forts and cities are one with the débris of the plains on which they were built. After the pomp of the Spanish invasion and the vice-regal court of Mexico has been dulled by the monotony of centuries of possession, comes a half century of reckless, eventful history in the settlement of the new

territories of Oregon, California, and their sister Pacific States, whose fleeting flavor needs to be caught before its spirit of blended daring, enterprise, ambition, and freebooting evaporates in sober railroad building and money-getting. Old Californians long to see the record of those days worthily preserved, and new Californians are curious to know the old stories of the conquest and the mission grants, the gold fever, and the Vigilants, and, passing beyond these, all that makes gorgeous the past of Mexico and Central America — countries related by nature, by the ties of race, climate, and common origin, doubtless at no distant day to resume honorable place under one government again. The average American, with his smattering of high-school education, thinks of Mexico as a sun-parched tableland, inhabited by a race of indolent, vindictive good-for-nothings, whose principal amusements are quarreling over a change of sweethearts or of governments; of the Isthmus as populated by macaws and monkeys, and human beings of the same family, and the den of yellow fever; and believes the United States would not take either country as a gift. Our own territories of New Mexico and Arizona figure in the minds of many—not to say most—of the good people at the North as an arid expanse of baked clay, or fields of dry prairie-grass and cactus, with the heat at one hundred and twenty degrees, and fever inevitable the greater part of the year. The railroads newly built have introduced some of the more venturesome to the clear and electric coolness of the air of the plateaus; to the wealth of a region where illness would be unknown, except for the atrocious carelessness of its settlers on every point of health; to our inland Italian valleys, with a Switzerland of icy peaks and deep-cleft cañons on their borders—a country where the long summer of the tropics exist with the bracing air of the Swiss Alps, where one wise in his own generation might live as long as the Pueblo Indians before the climate would destroy him.

But hardly more surprise will the newcomer feel at the difference of the present from his ideal than at the history of its past. A glance at the literature which treats of the new region, and its past, will be of service in restoring his ideas to just proportions, and teach him in future to consider the Pacific slope as a new country only in a comparative degree. Tranquil on its mountain mesas, there sits a semi-civilization, mild-mannered

and devout as that of the patriarchs, with traditions of embassies from the Far West, seven thousand miles across the Great Sea, whose chronicles the agave leaf has kept for fourteen hundred years in the records of the city of Mexico. The Zúñi and Moqui chiefs who went to the Atlantic coast after the sacred water for their rites last spring, were of a descent and antiquity to which Boston blue blood might have done homage to the ground. Zúñi tradition, and agave leaf, and Aztec stone may yet solve the problem of the origin of American peoples, and trace with living figures the long blank of the continent since the flood.

But leaving these with the mysterious writing of glacier-scratch and fossil character, and coming down to our little day of three hundred years ago, it seems the printing press was discovered only soon enough for the crowding intelligence of all that was told of the new Indies discovered by Columbus. The enterprise of the modern newspaper hardly outdoes the industry of monkish historians and viceroys, who toiled to set before their sovereigns the hardships and the glories of their devoted services to crown and church. Columbus's letter, in print 1493, announcing the success of his expedition sailing westward to the shores of India, was the first of unnumbered appearances on the subject of the New World, which happily rose from the waves in time to save the world a deluge of the dismal theology which engrossed the literature of the time. Cortés, enlightened conqueror that he was, must import printing presses to his new dominion of Mexico, and set them to publishing catechisms and theology—more theology, of a dreariness which lends the fate of the caciques, torn by dogs, mildness in comparison. In Europe, Peter Martyr, first and sprightliest of modern historians, was publishing works on the new discoveries in 1532, again at Basle, 1533, and Venice, 1534. Simon Grynœus, in 1532, published a collection of travels, including Vespucci's four voyages—about as soon as there was anything reliable to tell; for Bergomate's history of the whole world, in 1513, disposed of the new half of the globe in a single chapter. And of pope's bulls, and pastoral letters by excellent burning and torturing bishops, sermons and expositions, there was such liberality as makes Zumárraga's pious *auto-da-fé* of the priceless Aztec word-paintings in the plaza of Tlatelolco thrice an injury to the world. If the burning of manuscripts could only have been on the other side!

Possibly, the glimpse given of the curious antique wisdom yet lodged in antique folios in hiding on convent shelves, or in the dingy shops of continental book-fanciers, will explain to minds of generous susceptibilities how it was that, exploring the crypt of history from its day-lighted opening on our own half century, the mind of a shrewd, practical young business man should grow enthusiastic in its research, and, from collecting the annals of California pioneers in the sketch of 1849 and 1853—should be drawn to the deeper pages of Irving and Prescott, finally to be satisfied with nothing less than the originals of old history, such as are in king's closets and university treasures. It is, we trust, an earnest of the future which enlightened faith sees for San Francisco, when her millions will be of no dearer use to their owners than to bring here the finest in art, in science, in the humanities, and refinements of every kind; when from Point Reyes to Monterey will be such a shore of costly villas and noble pleasure-grounds, of statued gardens and galleries of treasure, as reaches from Venice to Sicily—a terrace of art, the world's gallery of riches in collections of painting, mosaics, priceless goldsmith's work, ceramics, and carving, such as make the dust of Italian vineyards precious. A misguided generation will doubtless have to learn the folly of spending its money in a coarse materialism, which means merely fine clothes, fine horses, big houses, big diamonds, good things to eat, and private bath-rooms to each suite of chambers; and men may be content to live as simply as Greeks, or as republicans, for the sake of owning such treasures in art or in books as now belong to cardinals and sovereigns. Why not; since even in these early days, San Francisco, or one of her citizens for her, owns such a collection of rare books as belongs to few private persons in the world, and is unequalled in public or private hands this side the Atlantic? If he had been infatuated with a love of fast horses, and had spent a hundred thousand in matching a pair to his fancy, or if he had laid out a million or two in a house with ceiling by French decorators, emulating Louis XIV or Lorenzo Medici, who would have spent that sum in a morning on their frescoes alone; or if, smitten with a love of fashionable art, he had paid a fortune for a Meissonier, it would have been conventional and comprehensible. But that, for his own tastes, in a somewhat uninviting direction, with a definite end in view, and



with the purpose finally of doing a service to the world, he should have cheerfully put a fortune into rare books, and brought and lodged in San Francisco a collection fit for a prelate or a peer's library, is something out of the common, and creditable and encouraging for the air in which such dreams come true. How many who read this know of the historical work that has been imagined and carried out to the fullest particular in this rushing, money-chasing city—the last place, one would think, for long and earnest literary tasks.

Where the coast hills draw in, miles from the business part of San Francisco, and the city comes to a natural end against their bulwarks, the site has been chosen for several buildings of public interest. As one steps from the Valencia Street cars, the scene is not without a serious fascination. Large hills are thrown across the valley, with mist almost always clinging about their outlines; cottages and gardens stray up the slopes, and hang out eucalyptus and masses of red geraniums in self-contained coziness. The street is in a transition state, with laying grades and erecting new houses; but the shadowy, brooding hills, and the wreathing ocean mists, in large, mysterious, thoughtful quiet, dominate the scene. Most in spirit with them is a modest, secretive brick building, plain and strong as a village bank, with its close iron shutters—set, however, in such environment of scrupulously kept lawn, and choice flower borders, and shrubbery, dewy fresh and carefully trained, as mark a gentle pride in its belongings. Here Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific Coast, has built the home for his library, secure from fire, in suburban quiet and open air and sunlight, best aids to a studious work. Who that has gained a settled headache, reading hours in the fetid air, or taken a cough in the chill, gloomy alcoves of city libraries, will not assent earnestly to the wisdom of building a library in open ground, with all the sun and fresh air that can be admitted to stimulate the brain? In this building, lodge thirty-five thousand volumes, many of rarity and cost, each and all relating to the history of the Pacific Coast, from the Darien isthmus to Alaska; and here are the twelve scholarly, accomplished secretaries who search and make reference from the mass of authorities. Never was public library so orderly arranged or capable of use, or so completely under the command of the men who

use it; for the first work, twenty years ago, when the plans were laid for its use, was to read and classify the whole, in an index of reference to secure forty subjects relating to the history proposed—so that any scholar wishing, for instance, to trace the Aztec traditions or the manufactures of the Californian tribes, the surveys of the Isthmus or any leading topic of the sort, instead of toiling through a thousand folios in search of possible information, finds the title and page of each authority ready for him to turn to without more ado. The labor may well be called heroic, but the scholar will agree that the five years' work of twenty intelligent men, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, was well spent, for no more signal service can be rendered to orderly and profitable study, than in well prepared indexes and reference lists, which do the work of pioneers and foresters in clearing the royal road to learning. That road is toilsome enough at best—delightfully so to the genuine student; but it is simply wisdom which, by such aids, prevents his wasting strength and years in groping and ineffective work. Imagine one man reading three hundred and fifty volumes a year—a perfectly preposterous number, if he reads for information—and laying down his last volume at the end of a century, to drop into his grave with his wisdom all unused! But let us see what material has been deemed not too costly for the use of thorough history of the Pacific side of the continent.

To begin with the oldest authorities: Bergomate, in old clasp binding of stamped arabesque with metal corners, the *Supplementi Chronicarum ab ipso Mundi*, Venice, 1513; the *Libro di Beneditti Bordonì*, 1528, with its crude maps of the new region; *Grynæus*, Peter Martyr—fountain-head of American history—in his first three editions, the earliest bearing the wood-cut portrait and the arms of Charles V.; Apiani's *Introductio Geographica*, 1533; and *La Cosmographia* of Anvers, 1575; the atlases of Mercator and Ortelius, dated 1569 and 1571, with highly colored and curious maps, are among the rare issues of the first authorities on the history and geography of the New World. Ramusio, from whom Hackluyt drew most of his material at second-hand, is here in three folio volumes of most learned compilation—*Delli Navigationi*, dated from 1554 to 1565. The third volume relates wholly to America, containing three of Cortés's relations, part of Oviedo's histories, and Guzman's expedition to north-western

Mexico, with other matter of the first importance. Hackluyt's travels in the famous and rare black-letter edition of London, 1599, contains many valuable journals of discovery in America. The quaint black-letter volumes of the next century, curiously illustrated, include the rare and costly editions of Purchas, whose *Pilgrimes* in the earliest editions of 1614 and 1625—five large folios—are worth between three and four hundred dollars a copy, to use the readiest terms for conveying their value to the unclerical mind. *Molina's Vocabularia* of Castilian and Mexican, printed in Mexico, 1571, and long believed the first book published in America, is still the best authority on the Aztec language, and copies have brought five hundred dollars from collectors.

Though by intention strictly a working library, with small proclivities to rare bindings, uncut copies, and the indulgence of the book fancier, its rule has been the choice of the best editions, and in the original language of authorities, which necessarily brings together much of exceeding rarity and value, as well as works of interest for their age and associations. Of the first interest from every point are the parchment manuscript *Concilios Provinciales*, or Mexican church councils, when the archbishop was also the head of the government, four folios, comprising the original record of the first ecclesiastic councils from 1530 to 1585, bearing the signatures of Philip I.—“Yo El Rey;” Zumárraga, and Las Casas, the good Bishop of Chiapa, whose *Historia de las Yndias* and his *Apologetica* also adorn the library—rare writings, rarer in their championship of the oppressed Indians in a merciless age. The catechism of a fourth council, with autographs of the primate Lorenzana and his five episcopal brethren, is shown in the excellence of royal blue velvet cover, fine clerical manuscript, and illuminated title-page. These records present a curious picture of society and affairs; for in those days the church must have its finger in every pie, and if the faithful did not walk straight it was not for want of explicit guidance. From these folios with a monarch's signature, we find that the clergy were allowed to play for not more than two dollars a day at cards; that the display of gold plate and carpets at christenings was so extravagant as to require priestly check; the distribution of eggs and fish for Lent among the Indians called for the grave discussion of the council; and

ecclesiastical censure fell heavily on all clergymen dabbling in trade. A curious and delightful manuscript is the *Moralia* of Pope Gregory, written with all the refinements of monastic copyists, with Byzantine initials, in the finest tracery of red, filled with blue, with carmine letters and numerals lighting the glossy black-letter page, with Greek marginal references, and large blue headings—work which leads to vague regrets for the introduction of printing. The department of history is rich in early originals and copies of documents bearing upon Mexico and Central America; many from Maximilian's collection for the imperial library at Mexico, from whose sale at Leipsic three thousand volumes were secured for the Bancroft library. The costly *Concilios* referred to, properly belongs to the Mexican archives, but was exposed for sale in Europe, where it fell into Mr. Bancroft's hands. The Ramirez sale in Mexico contributed largely to the division of jurisprudence as well as history—notably the *Ordenanzas de las Indias* of Verez de Castro, Valladolid, 1603, containing one hundred and twenty-two ordinances on vellum, with the arms of Spain on the title-page; *Oviedo y Valdes Cronica de las Indias*, vellum folio, Salamanca, 1547; Acts of the Province of Santiago, 1540, original quarto manuscripts, with interesting autographs, which sold for one hundred and ten pounds sterling; and a volume of Christian doctrine, by Zumárraga, 1546, which cost two hundred and ninety dollars. And of the first books printed at Monterey a catechism, a small herbal, both 16mo., coarsely printed, and a set of regulations for the territorial assembly, and a manifesto of José Figueroa, which really was the very first issue of the small Boston press, imported by Zamorano, the private secretary of the governor, are kept as curiosities of the art, and specimens of the poorest ink, paper, and impressions imaginable.

Leaving these quaint volumes, the historical shelves are filled, in close chronological order, from Bernal Diaz's *History of the Spanish Conquest from 1518 to 1547*, the *Historia de Mexico*, Anvers, 1554; the *Historia di Cortez*, Venice, 1560, in clear script type; Duran's manuscript work on the ancient history of the Indians, in three bulky treatises; Coronado's *Relacion* of conquests in Costa Rica, 1562, and the manuscript copies of reports and journals by priests and officers in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, collected from the Mexican general archives,

and whatever is needed to fill the void among published works in the shape of manuscript copies from archives and libraries of Seville and Madrid, as well as celebrated private collections abroad. Benzoni's, Oveido's, and Acosta's histories of the sixteenth century; Herrera, the royal chronicler, in three editions, including the rare one of 1601; Remesal's rare *History of Chiapa and Guatemala*, Madrid, 1619; Ribas, who treats of the north-west provinces of Mexico, bordering on the Californias; Burgoa, standard authority for southwest provinces, with their host of confreres, bring us down to Solis, the standard historian of Mexico, in the elegant Madrid edition of 1684, besides four other Spanish versions, two English, and one French. Bustamante, the Mexican historical writer, is represented by one hundred and ten volumes, besides the bulk of his manuscripts, which passed from the Maximilian library to the Bancroft shelves. The *Diario Oficial* of the choicest documents on Mexican history, the *Diario* of the Spanish Cortes since the beginning of the century, and filling several shelves, and the forty-nine volumes of the *Gazette* of Mexico from 1784 to 1821, also from the Maximilian library, are invaluable historical matter. The standard travels and illustrated works include Cook and Vancouver, in French and English, and all the familiar collections of celebrated navigators, the Royal Geographical Society's journals, in forty volumes, the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*, ranging from 1809 to 1863; and the now priceless—because the only complete—set of *The Wilkes Exploring Expedition*, in twenty folios, with several volumes of colored plates. *Kingsborough's Mexican Antiquities*, in elegant folio, superbly illustrated; *Waldeck's Antiquities of Yucatan*, with folio photographs by Charnay, and the *Ruins of Palenque* by the same author, with plates in elephant folio, reveal the noble architecture of the Aztec empire. Of the American and British modern writers on history or antiquities, it is believed not one is wanting, while the titles given are a mere flavor, as one may say, of the collection, which includes three hundred rare books of great value as ancient or unique works, which are modestly worth from fifty to five hundred dollars in the book markets of the world, setting aside the priceless manuscripts and transcripts, on the price of which silence is preserved, lest it should seem like extravagance to common readers. Besides the copies from government archives in Washing-

ton, Mexico, and the Continent, the Bancroft library is rich in family papers presented by old Spanish and pioneer Californian families, especially the Bandini and Vallejo collections, (the former covering the period between 1769 and 1845, and as the work of a prominent public man during Mexican domination, most valuable for the promised history of California). The Vallejo papers, in forty stout volumes, including documents from 1800 to the American possession, are equally important, as linking the Mexican and American periods together, and giving a lively picture of the bear-flag times. The papers which Benjamin Hayes, formerly judge of Los Angeles county, had collected since 1850, with a view to a history of Southern California, were given by him to the library before his death, believing that the work would be better accomplished in its hands. The papers of Thomas O. Larkin, consul at Monterey from 1844 to 1846, and afterward United States Naval Agent at the post, presented by his son, are another important collection. The old Spanish residents of the State, the Castros, Alvarados, and Picos, have vied in contribution of valuable material, and the history of California from such resources must be presented with a fullness which leaves nothing to be desired.

The unique possession of the library, however, is its store of manuscripts and personal narratives, to obtain which Mr Bancroft and his assistants made visits to Oregon, British Columbia, and various parts of California, to hear and take down the reminiscences of old pioneers. A thousand such experiences are recorded in the clearly written manuscript folios of the library, and what a wealth of history is here preserved of the most interesting kind! History never was, never will be, written with the eloquence with which it is told by those who took part in it. No Iliads have the moving pathos, the simple grandeur of those told by hunters, Indian fighters, and old settlers, around their own hearths. The force of expression, the unconscious matchless poetry, the picturesque incident in which nature speaks, taught the old poets and chroniclers their art, before which modern skill can only be silent and admire. One such Odyssey of the Sierra, or the redwood forests, can fascinate all classes. What, then, of a thousand such? What material for poet, magazinist, novelist, to be found in the California history. Imagine Charles Reade and Clarke Russell, with such a store of

romance to draw upon! In the historic collection of such a library, one sees hovering the winged fancies of noble epics, of dramatic poems like those of Browning, the legends of a new "Earthly Paradise" like that of William Morris, and the plots of endless novels, touching and exciting, which must soon drop the name of fiction, seeing they have so much stronger material in reality.

If any one ask to what end was this collection made, in which the labor of twenty-five years and a half million of money have been freely spent, the answer is ready that the research, the accumulation, the study of such a library, to a man of high tastes, is the finest pleasure he can have out of his life and fortune. While ransacking the booksellers' shops on the streets and quays of Paris, Vienna, Leipsic, or exploring the rich libraries of Madrid and Seville, going over the hoards of paper-sellers and the wares of old convents, or reporting in shorthand the garrulous memories of old Californians under their own vine and eucalyptus, Mr Bancroft has doubtless found more interest, more compensation, than his work will bring him in any other shape, whether of fame or profit. Such labor, to those who are moved to undertake it, is in itself the richest reward, always excepting those labors of humanity which are the supreme blessedness of life. But the owner of such treasures is soon brought to feel that they include the duty to share their benefits with the world. Out of the library, when it had taken shape, with some sixteen thousand volumes, ten years or more ago, rose the plan of the history of the Pacific slope of America, from Darien to Alaska. Its collections, of which, from its manuscripts to its files of four hundred Pacific newspapers, it is simply impossible to speak within limits, have since then been symmetrically arranged for the purpose of the history—such preparation as never before was made for royal chronicle or modern historian. Five introductory volumes on the *Native Races of the Pacific States*, seven years ago, which at once took place as standard authorities with such scholars as Herbert Spencer, Lecky, Carlyle, and Draper, were the first fruits of the library. And now the first volumes of the history of these same Pacific States, from the coming of the Europeans, lead the way to a consistent knowledge of the Spanish possessions, for the same mountain chain, the same climatic influences, and

the same conquest unite the countries of the southern and central Pacific coasts. The history, which designs to include the annals of four centuries in something like thirty volumes, treats fully and in detail of the period of discovery, passing from south to north, in regular order, making California its central interest as the key of the Pacific States.

With such resources of material, it cannot but be condensed, strong, and absorbing. The study of the ancient chroniclers has molded the direct, nervous, yet picturesque style, which is not so much that of the cabinet historian, as that of an enthusiastic writer seduced into a task which absorbs sympathies and brains, and in which the reader presently becomes absorbed and enthusiastic also. Besides the many documents relating to the discovery of America, printed of late in Spain, and by various historical societies, much of the material for this interesting part of history has been drawn from the archives of Nicaragua, Guatemala and other Central American States. New light is thrown upon the character of Columbus, and the attitude of the Spanish crown toward its new possessions. The former, if less the hero of Irving's *Life*, appeals more strongly to our sympathies—faulty, ambitious, fanatical and disappointed as he appears in the light of bare facts; while Spain, as the protector of the Indians, by ordinances and royal letters, is certainly a strange *role* for that cruel government. The history of the Isthmus reads like one long romance, in which caciques, with armors of gold and state robes of brilliant feathers, offer baskets of gulf pearls as tribute, and pay superior honors to their invaders and their invaders' horses alike. The temple of Dabaiba, lined with gold; Utatlan, palace of the Quichés, built of mosaic, colossal in dimensions, with garden courts, menageries, aviaries, lakes, and fountains within its walls, its throne-room canopied with costly featherwork, and the maidens' college, where were reared the females of royal blood; Cakchiqnel, built on a platform six hundred feet high, a single narrow causeway across the chasm on all sides, city of the black oracle stone; Golfo Dulce, and the Isle of Pearls, the simple Indians offering roses to the horse of Cortez as a supernatural being—are the figures among which move the gold-hungry Spaniards in a career of avarice and blood. The treachery by which Balboa was slain, the ambush set for Alvarado, the march of Cortés across the country, are



tragic pictures with a background of intrigue, treachery, and desperate adventure. In an earthly paradise, human nature, set free from the interference of civilization, turned tiger, when it was not devil ; but its vices, at least, were heroic in size and its incidents of a large, dramatic sort—which is, also, the most that can be said for the greater part of the world's history, and creates vivid historic reading. And now the warehouses and supply depots, the hospitals and gangs of workmen, of the trans-continental company occupy the route where Balboa dragged ship-timbers through the forests by his six thousand Indian serfs, and where Cortés struggled through swamps and bridged morasses with his famine-stricken army. There are yet pearls in the Southern Sea, and gold in the mines of Guatemala, and forest-grown temples in Yucatan, by whose sites the conqueror marched unheeding, or they might have no stones left to tell the tale. For those who would know the history of their own continent, it is time to begin reading, for the stores of discovery and of annals open before them invitingly ; and, as the records of the historian enamored of his subject will leave many unsatisfied until they can explore the original authorities, the existence of such a perfect library of history will become better acknowledged a necessity and a public benefaction.

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[From *Apponyi's Private Libraries of California*].

Of all books printed, probably not more than half are ever read. Many are embalmed in public libraries ; many go into private quarters to fill spaces ; many are glanced at and put away for future reading or reference. Hundred of tons of public documents are carted from government printing offices around unclean commercial corners to the paper mill ; while by far the greater part of the effusions sent by self-admiring law-makers to their constituents are scarcely opened until the fire needs kindling.

The most ardent book-lovers are not always the greatest readers ; indeed, the rabid bibliomaniac seldom reads at all. To him books are as ducats to the miser, something to be hoarded and not employed. In the elegant apartment of the average

collector, in himself, his wife, or children, we should hardly look for the best improved minds. Connoisseurs in bindings and editions have little taste left for the higher art.

Your true scholar will study a few books, instead of rambling through many. The libraries of professional men are for reference rather than reading. Educational works are the apparatus of mental gymnastics, making no pretensions to intellectual nourishment; they are conned, not read. How few are read of all the millions of bibles sent from the teeming presses of the devout in various languages to convert the world.

Some affect books who care nothing for them; yet all refined persons love their mute companionship, and will have it, though they may not read a page a fortnight. Whether from love or affectation comes the prompting, this harvesting of ripened and recorded thought is the most delightful of accumulatings. So pleasant it is to buy books—so tiresome to utilize them.

Now, to buy books as one buys furniture is one thing; to gather for intelligent and progressive purpose is quite another. In the former instance, beauty and rarity are considered; in the latter, only intrinsic merit. Not that he who most keenly appreciates authorship must necessarily be insensible to elegance, or even to the baser satisfaction of having what few possess. But to set great store on bindings, rare editions, or even illustrations; to care more for the leather and pasteboard, the paper and pictures and print, than for the sparks of immortal mind that illuminate the pages, seems to the earnest, thoughtful man a trifling with the higher good. Yet the most slovenly pedant need not complain if another prefers his immortality gilt-edged and embossed.

In whichever category we place Mr Hubert H. Bancroft and his thirty-five thousand volumes, certain it is that both signify action, performance. The collection is a means, not an end. Collecting is the least part of it; is, indeed, only the beginning of something infinitely greater, wherein fact absorbs fancy. To him material conditions are shadows; only ideas are substance. A soiled dime tract he might possibly regard as tenderly as the six thousand dollar *Historia de California* manuscript. Not that the collecting was a slight affair, or easily accomplished. In some respects it was as novel as the subsequent utilization.

First, a field was chosen, a fresh field, the western portion of North America. Everything possible, written or printed within this territory, or elsewhere if relating to it, was purchased. So far, there was nothing remarkable about it. Time, money, and enthusiasm in a score of years can accomplish something in any direction. But it so happened that throughout a portion of Mr Bancroft's territory, printed matter respecting it was scarce and exceedingly trashy. In Mexico and Central America, where history recorded in Latin characters runs back nearly four centuries, and in aboriginal hieroglyphics as many more, books and manuscripts were abundant. All that was necessary was to watch opportunity and buy as owners would sell.

But throughout the vast region north of Mexico, throughout the Californias and their collateral territories, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada; throughout the Oregon country, which included Washington, Idaho and Montana; in British Columbia, and Russian America, there was little in printed books that could be called history, science, or anything else.

What, then, was to be done for a literature here? Make one. History would do for a beginning, and if this was not to be found in books, there was plenty of it in the air, in the mouths of men, and in yet more substantial shape. First, there were the archives of the missionaries, and of the settlers who came immediately after them; the letters and journals of fur-traders, and the records kept at their several forts. Some of the mission archives had been carried away to Mexico; some remained. The pueblo archives had been partially gathered by the government; and throughout the north, the records of the fur-companies had been kept by the great companies representing government, but only partially. Much remained to be unearthed.

Mr Bancroft's library is rich in manuscripts, and his manuscripts are richest in California history. Fourteen men in ten months placed upon his shelves copies and abstracts of the three hundred volumes of documents lodged in the United States Surveyor-General's office in San Francisco. But thrice as much more remained of this kind of material, which was by no means so accessible.

There were yet collections of Spanish documents at Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, and other missions; in the public offices at San Diego, Los Angeles, San Luis Obispo, Ventura, Salinas,

and Santa Clara ; in the hands of the old Californian families, such as Bandini, De la Guerra, Castro, Alvarado, Pico, Estudillo ; or treasured by such collectors as Hayes, Larkin, Vallejo, and the Archbishop of San Francisco.

Nor was this all. In the memory of men still living was treasured more of vital, breathing history, aye, ten times as much as had ever been placed on record in any shape. Here then was the arduous part of it ; to gather from a thousand quarters volumes or scraps, to fasten to paper the fleeting recollections of men whose numbers death every day lessened. This Mr Bancroft did. Thus far it was his greatest achievement ; and the hundreds of dictations, narratives, and manuscript histories standing upon the shelves of his library to-day, and which, but for him, never would have been, attest his diligence. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this rich mass of material, rescued absolutely from oblivion ; and upon which, to a great extent, the history of this country must forever rest.

The same thing has been done in Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska. All these fields Mr Bancroft has personally visited and labored in, with the exception of the last-mentioned, whither he sent an agent, a Russian gentleman who belonged to his corps of assistants.

The mere mention of one in a hundred of these precious manuscripts—and we could here do no more—would convey little idea of what they are ; and feeling that but poor justice has been done this part of the collection, we must pass on to other subjects.

The field next in importance is Mexico, the cradle of the northern settlements, in whose records lie buried the germs of their history. The facilities which enabled Mr Bancroft to form his collection of California manuscripts do not exist with regard to Anáhuac, and his documents on that region, although more numerous than those possessed by any other collector, are not so bulky as the California material ; but, then, they possess the extra attraction of venerable age. They embrace unpublished letters and chronicles by military participants in the conquest of the Nahua and Maya countries, by religious fathers, who carried forward their work with the cross, and by eye-witnesses of the historic evolutions that followed.

Invaluable for the history of the northern provinces of Mexico are the bulky *Documentos para a la Historia Ecclesiastica y civil de la Nueva Vizcaya*, *Materiales para la Historia de Texas*, which consist of reports and journals formed by priests and officials during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and collected from the Mexican general archives. A portion of them have appeared in the published collection of *Documentos para la Historia de Mexico*. *Memorias de Mexico* is a collection of documents on the history of the capital, with particular reference to the foundation of her convents, illustrated by a pen map and plan of the city and surrounding country, dated 1618. Another municipal history is *Alcala, Descripcion de Puebla*, in two parts, carried to 1769, and containing a full account of its buildings, interspersed with sonnets and odes. The crudely colored town plan and map of the district exhibit a striking array of dark-green peaks and red-topped houses, while the rather faded writing is relieved by numerous head-pieces in foliage tracery. *Rivera, Diario Curioso*, is a chronicle of events in Mexico from 1676 to 1696. A similar *Diario*, by Gomez, of events from 1776 to 1798, has also a preface by Bustamante, and an appendix of printed matter. *Mexico, Archivo General*, is the title of a collection from this archive of curious biographies of Mexican kings and martyrs, in connection with which may be noticed the *Vida de Beatriz de Silva*, the founder of the order of Primera Concepcion.

To the following century belong the valuable *Crónica de la Provincia de S. Pedro y S. Pablo de Mechoacan*, from 1522 to 1575, by Beaumont, who appears to have been a doctor and man of the world before he retired from social vanities to the purer companionship of friars. A want of judgment is shown in the application of his extensive research, and the influence of the monastery is apparent in the style. Several bright water-color drawings help to illustrate the most remarkable incidents, and the copyist has added a specimen of his artistic skill in a pillar frame for the title page. What Béaumont did for Mechoacan, Mota Padilla accomplished for the country northward in the *Historia de la Conquista de la Nueva Galicia*, folio, Guadalajara, 1740, which embraces the political and ecclesiastical history from the conquest to the date of the book. The original is said to exist in the Biblioteca del Carmen, but several copies are

extant, as well as a faulty printed issue in *El Pais*, a periodical of 1856, and a better edition in book form, of 1872, by the Mexican Geographical Society. Padilla had also turned churchman, after holding the important position of fiscal to the Audiencia of Guadalajara, and other offices, which doubtless helmed to fit him for his future work.

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#### APPLICATION OF THE RARE AND ORIGINAL MATERIAL LODGED IN THE BANCROFT LIBRARY TO THE PURPOSES OF HISTORY.

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No thorough or connected history of the Pacific States, or any part of them, is in existence to-day. And, in order to appreciate the value and necessity for the great historic work now being written by Mr Bancroft, it requires only a glance at the unparalleled extent of his material, and at the imperfect nature of the publications now current.

The three centuries of Central American colonial rule are treated of in fragmentary pamphlets or feuillets, or in worthless summaries forming introductions to modern books of travel and description, or to political reviews; so much so that Juarros' comparatively brief History of Guatemala, a sort of annals and statistic summary, issued in the beginning of this century, may still be regarded as the text-book, and that merely for the northern territories. He had access to such voluminous chroniclers as Fuentes y Guzman, Vasquez, and Remesat, to certain native manuscripts, municipal records, yet made a most imperfect use of them. The documents revealed and published of late years, would in any case, serve to reconstruct any complete account he might have written. The history of the present century is better known; but only for certain districts, points or episodes, so that the pamphlets and books issued during the last half century can serve merely as material for a connected and thorough history. Squier, who prepared the most comprehensive modern descriptions was a devoted man of letters, and when United States minister to that country, he seized his opportunity to form the most valuable collection of historic material so far brought together, enough, it was deemed, to write a standard

history of Central America, and yet constituting only a tenth of the material possessed by Mr Bancroft. At the sale of the collection, in 1876, Mr Bancroft, nevertheless, bought all the portion lacking in his own, such as a series of bound manuscripts of sixteenth and seventeenth century documents, including the reports of the renowned conquistador Dávila, 1519-24; Cerezeda's letters on Nicaragua and Honduras, 1527-30; the correspondence of Alvarado, Andogoya, and others. Among the printed books were the unique *Relacion sobre Lacandon*, 1638, by Pinelo, a copy of the rare *Vasquez, Chronica de Guatemala*, and so forth.

Not satisfied with this, Mr Bancroft, in 1880, appealed to the governments of Central America for additional material. Impressed no less by his fame as an author, than by the unequalled resources of his library, and the need for a history, the authorities hastened to respond, though revealing the deplorable fact that hardly any additional material could be obtained for early annals, owing to the ravages of civil war; but what bore on the present century would be provided: President Barrios, of Guatemala, personally interested himself in the case, while President Gonzalez, of Salvador, and President Cuádra, of Nicaragua, aided by Briosó, minister of foreign affairs, appointed commissioners to collect material. Carlos Salva, the commissioner appointed for Nicaragua, was particularly prompt in forwarding not only the printed government documents, but a mass of manuscripts, newspapers and books, contributed partly by private individuals. Material was obtained also from the Southern States, including Panamá, which was, besides, scoured for Mr Bancroft by the distinguished Americanist, Alphonse Pinart, resulting in a well filled trunk of most important documents.

The most thorough history on the conquest of Mexico hitherto has been Prescott's, covering the period 1518-22; after that dwindling into a briefer continuation of Cortés' biography. It is marred by certain predilections, by hero-worship, and by neglect of native records; and, besides this, so vast a mass of material has been brought to light since his time, as to give quite a new aspect to many points. For instance, Ternaux-Compan's collection of twenty volumes; the *Coleccion de Documentos Inéditos para la Historia de España*, in more than fifty volumes

issued under auspices of the Spanish Academy; *Documentos para la Historia de México*, in twenty-one volumes, under auspices of the Mexican government, and forming one of the most valuable sets extant; Buckingham Smith's Florida collection; *Icazbalceta, Coleccion de Documentos*, exceedingly valuable; the various contributions by Ramirez, the Mexican savant, such as the *Proceso contra Alvarado* and *Guzman*, equal to volumes of ordinary chronicles for interesting points; Alaman's contributions in his *Disertaciones* and other works; *Calvo, Recoeil des Traités*, sixteen volumes; *Pacheco y Cárdenas, Coleccion de Documentos*, over thirty volumes; documents in the voluminous bulletins of the *Sociedad Mexicana de Geografía y Estadística*, and other works.

The colonial period of Mexico has never been written, except in Spanish, and this very imperfectly, without research and critique, and altogether unworthy of translation. The republican period is more thoroughly covered by native writers, but the versions are so varied and biased in different directions, as to serve only for material to the impartial student. Foreign works are quite superficial, or cover chiefly certain periods. A connected history for the three epochs is therefore absolutely needed; and it can be written only by Mr Bancroft, whose collection of material for all is, beyond all comparison, the most complete in existence. Indeed, no writer so far has had access to a tenth of the volumes possessed by him. Agents in the chief book marts of the world have for over twenty years been on the watch to buy whatever was needful to fill gaps in his collection. Large as it was in 1869, Mr Bancroft then secured 3,000 of the rarest and most valuable volumes from the Andrade-Maximilian library of Mexico, the choicest and most complete in that foremost among Latin-American States. Another lot he obtained from a second smaller collection, lost to Mexico, like the preceding, through the same revolution. Caleb Cushing's library yielded many valuable books, as did a number of libraries sold during the last dozen years, including that of the Mexican savant, Ramirez, whose collection must rank next to the Andrade.

Mr Bancroft's library now contains over 35,000 volumes, and these bearing all on one field, be it remembered. To enumerate even the rarest and most valuable books, would take too much space, suffice it to state that it includes such unique sets as



*Papeles Varios*, of over 200 volumes, which contains in itself enough material for a history of the republic, though barely known to the world; sets like the *Gazetas de Mexico*, presenting an exhaustive summary of events in New Spain from 1784 to 1821, exceedingly rare in complete form; an entire collection of Bustamante's works in the original manuscript, which offers a great deal of matter not to be found in his voluminous printed works. Mr Bancroft continues to add whatever new or rare matter his agents can pick up; and for years he has employed copyists at Mexico to extract and copy from the government archives.

Before Mr Bancroft began his work among the States conquered from Mexico, Texas had been pretty fully written upon, though not exhaustively, while New Mexico and Arizona had been almost neglected, save in descriptive books. The indispensable history of Villagr , for instance, covering most of the early period, had been overlooked even by the best bibliographers.

California had received a treatment far more thorough than that accorded to the States hitherto mentioned, yet utterly insignificant beside the exhaustive research and study applied by Mr Bancroft. The archives of the States, comprising some 400 folios, never even consulted hitherto, have been copied for his library, and so have the 500 volumes of mission and episcopal archives, the latter alone containing 300,000 documents, letters and reports by friars and officials since the founding of the first settlement. Each of these papers has been read, and copied or summarized for the history. These sets have been swelled by the collections of original papers presented by General Vallejo, Governor Alvarado, Consul Larkin's heirs, and other prominent men of Mexican times, some numbering as high as thirty-seven bulky folios, while Judge Hayes' set of manuscripts and scraps with portraits and illustrations, collected during a period of twenty-five years, numbers over 100 volumes. Even more important are the several hundred histories and memoirs in manuscript, written or dictated by prominent Mexicans and pioneers on the Coast for the library. Some are in several volumes, and embrace the whole period of California events since the discovery in 1853. This shows that the histories so far written of California hardly deserve such a title.

✓ For the history of Oregon large collections of printed and manuscript material have been made of such importance to greatly change the aspect of many episodes and to fill gaps. During a visit northward, in 1878, by Mr Bancroft, Governor Chadwick offered his aid to provide government material, and threw open the disordered archives. An arrangement was effected with Secretary Brown, of the Pioneer Association, to arrange the archives and make the necessary extracts for the Bancroft Library. Narratives and documents were also obtained from the widow of the first governor, Abernethy, from General Lane, the hero of the Mexican war, settled here, Mrs. Victor, the best writer on Oregon, General Palmer, Senator Grover, Jesse Applegate, one of the most prominent men there, the private papers of Chief Factor McLoughlin, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Particularly complete and valuable are the papers and narratives of Judges Deady and Strong, each constituting a full history of Oregon and written as such. With the aid of Colonel Sladen, valuable material was extracted from the military archives. Similar important matter was obtained from leading men in the territory of Washington, notably the narratives and collections of Elwood Evans, territorial secretary, and Judge Swan, the fruit of thirty years' labor, and intended for histories of Washington and the Northwest Coast, never yet written. Nevada, Idaho, and Montana are also virgin fields and will receive ample justice, with aid of manuscript narratives and newspaper files, which most fully cover the field.

The people of Utah have created so much interest, and the numerous versions concerning them are so conflicting and prejudiced, that the need for a new, reliable, and more exhaustive history is imperative. By means of an historical office, an officially appointed historian, and by other means, these people have preserved the record of their doings to a remarkable degree, and since there yet remained some gaps to fill in his material, Mr Bancroft applied to President Taylor. In a Council of the Twelve, it was determined at once to accede to the request by furnishing manuscript memoirs, county and local histories, and rare matter printed since 1832, in books, pamphlets, and periodicals. Special statistical and descriptive reports were also ordered to be sent in from the Mormon settlements, and the Honorable Mr Richard was dispatched to San Francisco to

give an official narrative on the history, society, and institutions among his co-religionists.

Mr Bancroft's trip in 1878 extended to British Columbia, where the archives of the government and of the Hudson Bay Company were opened to his assistants, and blue-books and other official papers presented. Documents and narratives were also received from the heirs of Governor Douglas; from leading colonists and factors, such as Anderson, Tolmie, Finlayson, McKinlay, whose contributions form extensive histories in themselves. Bishop Hills provided missionary reports and other matter; from others, maps and files of papers, so that the Library received quite a large addition to this section of its field.

Alaska is known only through books of travel, for the Russian accounts are comparatively unknown, or hidden, chiefly at St. Petersburg. To this place Mr Bancroft accordingly appealed, in 1875, and obtained from the Academy of Sciences substantial contributions, while the savant and traveller, Alphonse Pinart, placed at his disposal the result of his two years' search for historic matter on that region. Mr Petroff, thoroughly acquainted with Alaska, was, in 1878 and subsequent years, sent on a special mission to that quarter, and obtained a number of narratives, and of extracts from the archives of forts and settlements. He afterwards visited Washington City, to search the government collections, obtaining in all some thirty volumes of material.

The above statement indicates that Mr Bancroft's history may be regarded as original for the greater part of the Pacific States, while, for the remainder, it will prove a revelation to the world in adding so much new information, in filling so many gaps, and in presenting so thorough and impartial an account of men and events. For many sections no later writer will ever be able to make it so exhaustive, since Mr Bancroft alone possesses the material with which the history can be written. A connected history for the whole western coast of North America, joined by such natural and eventful links, and explained and strengthened by its chain, will never again be attempted, and the *History of the Pacific States* must remain the standard history of the whole coast.

"What material for poems will be gathered up in his volumes!" wrote the poet Whittier to Longfellow. The work is one indeed to touch the minds of such men of quick insight as

T. W. Higginson, Howells, and Warner, and bring the deep felt praise of men, who weigh words, like Chas. Francis Adams and Lowell.

Beginning with the discoveries of Columbus, and the conquests of Cortés, it passes on to the no less admirable daring of the late explorers of the Pacific Coast, Beechey, Vancouver, and the fur companies in the Northwest; telling of the magnificence of Aztec and Mexican cities, and the famous search for the seven cities of Cibola which led to the first entrance on Kansas and Nebraska soil in 1541; of Indian adventure, and the hardy explorers of later days; of the rich and placid history of New Mexico before its cession to the Union; of the Russian traders and gold hunters—all that Odyssey of the Rocky Mountains and the coast which has been so long locked in the journals of antiquaries and forgotten in dim government reports.

The richness of such ungathered material has been little suspected, even by the wise, but it found an ardent collector in Mr Bancroft, whose library contains most that is valuable, and attainable at any price, touching the subject of Pacific History. Spanish records, old convent libraries and the disturbed archives of Central American States, yield stories which make our knowledge of the finding and possession of the western half of this continent complete. Here was matter to induce a thoughtful man to apply himself in earnest to this noble study, to which Mr Bancroft has given the best of twenty-five years of his life. Such a man could know nothing of the selfish impulse of many collectors to enhance their own importance by keeping their treasures to themselves. It should be his lifework to give the world, in compact, accessible form, the substance of the thousands of writers in his Library, which, with fine system, and the assistance of twelve highly trained secretaries, for indexing and abstracting material, he has had the happiness of accomplishing within his lifetime. To this author's erudite devotion these many years to his favorite work, the public owe the *History of the Pacific States*. Material from the libraries of the Emperor Maximilian, and Ramirez, the eminent scholar of Mexico, and reports of early discoveries in America, printed by governments and historical societies, within a few years, are in his possession, and with this priceless information the stories of Columbus, Cortés, and Balboa have become luminous, dramatic,

and absorbing, as if told for the first time. The strict judicial method of the author in comparing the reports of the widest possible number of authorities gives the happiest sense of enjoyment to pages of history, which from the very nature of their subject, cannot be but glowing and exciting, whether they repeat the sieges, discoveries, and wild convulsions of unfolding civilization, or the movements of the grand ecclesiastical power which held sway in Mexico as superior to every other authority, or the refinements, wealth, and economies of the new and luxurious society established in the West Indies. Mr Bancroft's work is not merely the history of a period in certain lights—it is philosophic, aiming at a view of the past centuries and people in the fullest sense, describing their origin, traditions, customs, the influences of race and opinion which shaped their performances, their domestic habits, entering their homes and scrutinizing each detail with that refined curiosity which has led to later study and resources in Greek art.

The Aztecs were one of the wealthiest, most cultivated of nations; witness their walls lined with plates of gold and illuminated tiles, their robes embroidered in feather-work which was, and is, the wonder of European courts, their palaces, which held not only pleasure-lakes and gardens, but colleges for the training of the princesses of the blood, a training far less one-sided than our own, as it included physical development, and the application of every craft, art and science of use to women of the highest rank. Such works, written with the precision, warmth and vigor of the Pacific Histories, are destined to supplant fiction. The unspoiled taste of a child as well as that of the educated man revels in such history; and were our school and town libraries furnished with due proportion of these books, the demand for trashy fiction would diminish. Above all, places of secluded and narrow resources, like farmhouses, mining camps and ships on long voyages, should find supplies of such literature indispensable, for such surroundings give the fullest opportunity for the charm and influence of good reading. Let a parent bring home such a book as Mr Bancroft's *History of the Pacific States*, to which public attention is turned, where probably his children will sooner or later find their home, and read its chapters with the family, or talk over his own reading with them, make it a reference, and he will find in it a strong influence

toward correct and active thought. Teachers who want to awaken the interest of their pupils, and put life into their studies, will find their strongest aids in the discussion of such history, with its fund of information on every relative subject. The man or woman of taste needs but to read one chapter to recognize in the *History of the Pacific States* one of the great works of the century, one of the classics of American libraries.

This library also contains the fullest collection of material for the history of Pac coast this side of 1849—newspaper files, pamphlets, interviews reported verbatim etc.

The "secretaries" herein referred to do the work; except what is done by Mr Bancroft who furnishes money, material, and direction  
C. M.

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## THE WORKS OF HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

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